

POEMS,

ATTEMPTED

On various Occasions,

BY

WILLIAM BRIMBLE,

Of TWERTON, near BATH,

CARPENTER.

Written occasionally for AMUSEMENT,

And now PUBLISHED

At the Request of several of his Acquaintance.

Nothing from my Birth or Ancestors I claim;

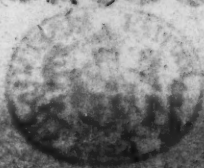
All is my own, my Honour, and my Shame.

O. V. L. D.

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and Sold by W. TAYLOR, Bookseller.

MDCCLXV.



C O N T E N T S.

	PAGE
ON seeing a Human Skeleton found buried with a Gold Ring in a Stone Coffin	1
Biggs's Ghost to P ^o l at Twerton Lock	4
Address'd to an afflicted young Lady and her Female Friend on their preparing to leave Bath	8
On Two Musicians of Bath being attack'd by an Highwayman, who, on their presenting a Fiddle, rode off without his Booty	11
Reflections in a Star-Light Night	14
Reflections on Winter	17
Spring, or the Invitation, address'd to Mr. — of Bath	20
On the Death of Mr. Tudor, a worthy Gentleman of Marksbury	23
The Newton Resurrection, or the Wonders of Moses B****	26
A Burial Hymn, taken out of the 7th Chap. of Job	32
On a Visit to Marshfield, address'd to Mr. W. O.	43
On the Birth-Day of Miss *****, an amiable young Lady of Twerton	37
Reflections on Time, address'd to the Prosecutors of several liti- gious Law-Suits, then carrying on in the Neighbourhood	41
A short Review of a Journey from the Country to Taunton Assize	44
On an Artificial Auricula's winning the Prize at Lyncomb Florist Feast, 1764	47
Lyncomb Florist-Feast, 1765, when Miss Smith (the celebrated Artificial Florist, and whose Flower won the Prize the preced- ing Year) gave a Silver Pint Cup for the Prize	50
On Forgiveness	35
On Fortitude	55
An Enigma	58
To Celia with a Tuff of Flowers	59
On the Produce of the Year	60
An Enigma	62
On Hearing the Bath Abbey Bells	64
Collin and Strephon	66
An Enigma	85
Epitaphs	86—87
The Conclusion of an Epistle, address'd to the Author in the late Spanish War; with the Answer	87—88
An Enigma	89
The Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges the 5th, Paraphrased	91
On the Commencement of the late Spanish War	97
On seeing a Canary Bird's Performances at the George, Bath	100
Strephon and Celia, or the blooming Milk-maid	101



P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE is necessary to the following compositions for no other reason but to obviate, if possible, a charge of presumption, which I shall very probable incur by attempting any thing in this manner; without the necessary qualifications to embellish, or learning to give it ponderosity: For to bespeak the reader's suffrage, by informing him they were wrote by an unletter'd muse, would be but anticipating what they will at the first inspection evince of themselves.

I have only this to offer in extenuation of so heavy a charge, that is they were never wrote by any instigation of vanity that they would bear a reading, much less appear in print; but for private amusement only: Whence I am aware of another objection, that for that my business might have been sufficient, had it been properly attended to; and that I might have employ'd the hand-saw to more advantage, than the pen: But I would have such as make the objection consider, that

A there

there is no mind, however intent on business, but requires a relaxation of some kind or other at times; nor do I know of any more innocent than this, nor of few pastimes that amount to so good a purpose as that of doing no harm. False however is the surmise that has been propagated, that my circumstances are worsted by my paying too great an attention to writing; for tho' I own strong has been the impulse thereto, and tho' I have sometimes attempted it, yet I never could write (even such as it is) if business was in the least neglected thereby; for the thought of that, which was more immediately needful, would ever intrude, and render every other abortive.

Crosses and disappointments, natural incidents to human life; and of which I have had a copious share, were the chief inducements; for as I have often found it (from the latent craft of some, and the irreconcilable distaste of others) impracticable either to avert or evade many calamities that has befallen me: I have often found consolation from reflecting on the shortness of human life, and consequently on the transient duration of all sublunar distress; these thoughts, as subjects offer'd, I attempted to delineate in this manner, which has often call'd off the mind from being too intense on any present calamity; and by thus habituating myself to this means of consolation, built myself as it were a bulwark,

P R E F A C E. iii

bulwark, so as to receive without much alarm, any that might for the future happen; so that they have already answered the end that was ever expected from them by me.

As to their being publish'd in this manner it was done at the request of several of my acquaintance, whose partiality to me made them think more favourable of them than I myself ever could do; and as fortune had not rank'd me amongst her favourites, they urg'd that as a motive thereto: Promising at the same time their interest to promote the subscription, which as far as lay in their power they have done. I have therefore for the fore-mention'd reason, comply'd with their humour and ventur'd into print, without patron, or assistance of any person whatever; either in the composition or correction; for tho' I might have had the inspection of a very ingenious gentleman, yet I could never think the performance deserv'ing the trouble he must have taken with them, being well assur'd he could have made much better new-ones with greater ease, than have given these that correction they stand in need of: Yet, though I am very sensible of many imperfections contain'd in them, I had neither skill nor opportunity (as things stand at present) to make them better; but hope I shall find some indulgence from the candid in regard to their writing, if I find none for their publication.

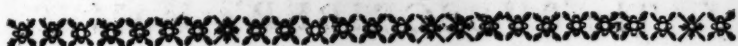
iv P R E F A C E.

cation, and that allowance will be made for my want of education, having never had more than the rules of arithmetic.

I HAVE, however, the advantage, perhaps, of any person that ever appear'd in this way; that is, of having nothing to lose, either in fame, or expectation.—I am sure of not being depress'd thereby, for should they meet with the greatest contempt (and that I must expect from such as will not make allowance for my situation) it will give me no sort of uneasiness; and if, on the contrary, they should find any acceptance, and some little encouragement be the consequence; I shall be very far from attributing any part of it to my own merit, but look on it as an indulgence shewn to my intentions, and consequently retain a grateful sense of the same.



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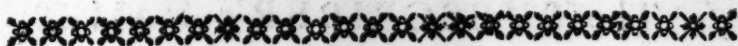
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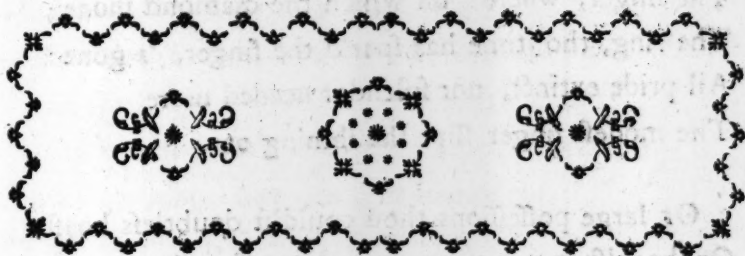
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P O E M S

O N

Various OCCASIONS.

*On seeing a Human Skeleton found with a
Gold Ring, buried in a Stone Coffin.*



ES, silent teacher! I the lesson read,
And view the state of all the mighty dead;
Stript of the glare with which thou doubt-
less shone,

Now sculpt thy skull, and skinless ev'ry bone;
With dust coeval all to atoms turn'd;
What beautiful thee, perhaps, once bright adorn'd:

B

The

The finger, where! on which the diamond shone;
 The ring, tho' time has spar'd the finger, 's gone:
 All pride extinct, nor splendor needed more,
 The modest finger slipt the shining oar.

Or large possessions thou could'st doubtless boast,
 Or shone'st in arms, commandant of an host,
 What boots it now, eras'd the book of fame,
 Transferr'd thy wealth, and lost thy sex and name;
 'Midst humbling worms thy blended atoms sleep,
 Nor knows distinction in the common heap.
 Yet thou can'st teach what all should serious learn,
 And shew'st the wonders of the secret urn;
 Whence pride receeds, where envy's hiss must cease,
 And all discordant jars are hush'd to peace:
 The injur'd there no more complains of wrong;
 There ceases troubling the malignant tongue:
 The venom'd member's sting must there be lost,
 Nor longer of its baleful cunning boast.
 The small and great promiscuous throng the grave;
 The servant there's no more the master's slave:
 Cancel'd the bond, the obligation void,
 And every human tie's by death destroy'd;
 Close shut from all; the gay creation lost,
 Where equal, none can precedence boast.

AND is it thus? — Do all concenter here?
 And do the great intoomb'd like this appear?

Must

Must all, like thee, in ghastly ruin lie?

—Yes, certain this, as all are born to die!—

Come then, great monitor, one near survey:

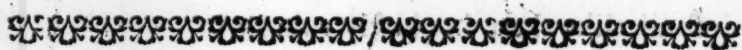
—And was that dust thy once embellish'd clay?

Must I ere long, like thee, in silence rot,

Forgetting all, and soon by all forgot?

Oh, thou! whose power omniscient rules on high,
And guides yon flaming wonders of the sky,
Who forth from nothing call'd each shining sphere,
Yet deigns regard to man, affliction's heir;
And wilt again with life these bones inspire,
Urn purify'd, as gold refines by fire:
And of our deeds a just account wilt take,
Us to confront when we from death awake.—
Grant me, while to this earthly frame consign'd,
(Which veils and checks th' amaz'd, inquiring mind)
Thro' all thy works, to own thy wond'rous power,
Revere thy might, and silently adore;
All life's afflicting ills submissive bear,
And wisely for this great event prepare;
Nor fortune ere prevent my self to know,
Or if she smiles serene, or frowns bestow;
But in this mirror oft ideal see,
Not what I am, but what I am to be.





BIGGS's GHOST *at Twerton Lock, where
he was buried (after being taken from the
Gibbet on Odd-Down) and where P—L,
that occasion'd Jealousy betwixt him and his
Wife, was newly come to be Lock-keeper.*

WHEN darkness journ'ying from th' unlighted
 cast,

Had spread its veil beyond the falling west,
And Morpheus rose from Somnus deep abode,
Had equal'd mortals with his leaden rod,
(Except where Bacchus' sons their vigils keep,
Or dire disease had banish'd balmy sleep)
The brass-mill clock had beat its longest tale,
And rung the fleeting nights eternal knell;
'Twas silence all, except where rowling near,
The growling Avon chid th' obstructing ware;
With headlong fall then sought the nether deep,
Dash'd into silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.

WHEN BIGGS, who near the lock corrupting lay,
(Waiting his summons to the audit day)
Emotion felt, that broke his cold repose,
And, gathering up his fever'd limbs, arose.

'MIDST

'MIDST elder shades the well-known P—L he 'spy'd;
Whom fate had order'd near him should reside,
Void of remorse, he view'd, and void of grace,
His mate's destruction, and his foul disgrace,
Like long lost dreams return'd by fancy's ray,
The dreadful gibbet, and the laddery way;
Crouding spectators now again reviews,
And galling chains terrific din renews;
The jav'lin guard around seem'd to survey
With all the horrors of the tragic day;
The clasping geers that held him high in air,
And in the sullen grave him bound with care,
'Midst groans, as prelude to the mournful tale,
With dreadful clangor rung a frightful peal,
With horror bound, benumb'd with pallid fear,
Nor dauntless then P—L stood transfix'd to hear;
'Till now his nerves their usual task deny'd,
He from the sound terrific sought to hide.

As once the seer by Endor's magic rose,
The fates decree to trembling Saul disclose;
So BIGGS to P—L these awful truths convey'd,
Who now was prostrate fall'n beneath the shade:

“ The day, the fated day is on the wing,
“ Which to death's mansions thee with me shall bring;
“ Fall'n immature to passion's rage a prey,
“ Kindled by thee, I've long in silence lay,

“ Yet

" Yet thou the same still vain as heretofore,
 " Tho' time's slow hand thy head has silver'd o'er,
 " In folly's list as erst wilt foremost stand,
 " Still heaping vengeance for the vengeful hand:
 " Be warn'd in time, while death his stroke delay,
 " Ere yet thy thread is cut; practise to pray;
 " For know that Clotho winds thy clue apace,
 " And thou, ere long, the angry judge must face:
 " Great Radamanthus, who thy coming wait,
 " T' arraign thy purple crimes, and fix thy fate,
 " Which, if unpurg'd, thou'lt prove the gulph below,
 " Where misery reigns, and agonizing woe:
 " My wrongs from thee sustain'd repent too late,
 " And sport of furies, howl in woeeful state.

" Nor wonder thou thus kindly I propose,
 " And thee from folly to awake arose;
 " Who that loose wife's sad fate could'st calmly see,
 " My tragic end, and all deriv'd from thee;
 " 'Midst fears and guilt beheld'st me led to death,
 " And lose with ignominious pain my breath.

" Here far unlike short life's afflicting stage,
 " Obnoxious there to envy, lust, and rage;
 " Revenge, debaser of the human mind,
 " And to fierce demons only fitly join'd,
 " All here subside, are with their objects lost,
 " And who indulg'd them, rues them to their cost.

" I could

" I COULD inform—but fate forbids to know
" The dreadful state prepar'd for those below,
" Who dare in crimes, whom no reproofs restrain,
" Whom conscience long has strove to wake in vain;
" Who blindly still down passion's currents ride,
" (A strong, delusive, but a fatal tide)
" Which stronger proves the nearer fate they rowl,
" And rare from misery's gulph will brook controul.
" Them thou forewarn of their impending fate,
" And seize th' accepted time before too late;
" For in the grave, occasion is no more,
" And fate fast 'gainst repentance bars the door."

THE cocks shrill clarion 'gan to wake the morn;
When roving ghosts must to their graves return:
The summons heard, BRIGGS P—L reluctant leave,
And, 'midst the willows, sought his lonely grave:



*Addressed to an afflicted Young LADY and
her Female Friend, on their preparing
to leave BATH.*

AS Philomel prefers her plaintive tale,
When sol's enliv'ning rays forsake the vale;
Or, as some swan, self conscious of his death,
Chants forth th' imperfect song, then yields his breath;
So would the muse indulge the plaintive lay,
Which gratitude innate impels to pay,
Lament your absence in melodious grief,
And seek from verse harmonious soft relief;
But hapless, the unfertiliz'd in schools,
Boasts small experience in poetic rules:
The task tho' pleasing, and the motive strong,
If numbers fail to harmonize the song,
What boots the will, enough experience tells,
None ere can please in verse, but who excels.

YET, as some youthful warbler rear'd below,
Who'd reach, but doubts his wing, some lofty bough,
Defers th' attempt 'till time has plum'd his wings,
Then gains some funny spray, and sweetly sings.

So,

So, if propitious, on some future day,
Some fostering hand should raise the grov'ling lay,
In song ascending to the court of fame,
I'd soar on wing sublime, and you my theme.
Despotic in whose breast bright virtue dwells,
Whose sense refin'd, few equal, none excels :
But dire th' attempt of him who hop'd to drive
The sun's bright chariot, and escape alive :
Th' advent'rous youth *, untaught the steeds to guide,
Ere half his course in flaming ruin died ;
His fate deters ; yet, O ! indulgent hear,
Tho' not a poet's, yet a friendly prayer.

To you, dear madam, who so sweet resign'd,
Can calmly bear those ills by Heaven assign'd,
Of this assur'd, that whom th' Almighty proves,
And visits with his chastening hand he loves,
May posting speed present th' auspicious morn,
When health shall on its balmy wings return,
To hasty flight put each corroding pain,
And fill with livelier blood each labouring vein ;
Then will those charms, that now dejected lie,
Beam forth refulgent on th' attracted eye ;
Each Heaven-form'd limb again its task resume,
Bound at the ball, and grace th' assembly-room,

C

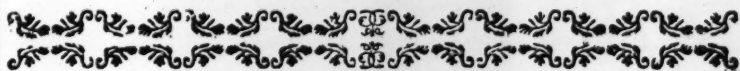
Climb

* PHÆTON.

Climb lofty hills, or tread the flowery lawn,
 Agile and lively as the sportive fawn.
 Then may you, madam, farther blessings prove,
 Lift to the voice, and own the power of love;
 While youth remains, obey its soft commands,
 And bless some worthy youth in Hymen's bands:
 Of heavenly power a grateful instance live,
 That he that takes away can glorious give.

YE sacred springs exert your healing power,
 Bring from your sulph'rous beds your choicest store,
 Nor let depart, unrais'd, so sweet a flower:
 So may your fount to latest ages stand
 The own'd Bethesda of a grateful land:
 So may your fame high as your merit rise;
 So may your noble circus brave the skies,
 And you, lov'd concert of the tender fair,
 Who, next to Heav'n, owns your peculiar care;
 In whom we see the sister Graces meet,
 The person lovely as the mind compleat:
 May you possess each wish without alloy,
 (Which reason dictates) in substantial joy;
 May Heaven's best gifts be long by you possess'd,
 Blessing your husband's arms, and there be bless'd
 Sole monarch of his heart;—he your's remain,
 Nor more divide 'till death dissolves the chain.





On TWO MUSICIANS of BATH being
attack'd by an HIGHWAYMAN, who, on
their presenting a FIDDLE, rode off
without his Booty.

LET hist'ry boast fam'd Amphion's powerful call,
When stones came dancing to the Theban wall,
Leap'd from their beds right angl'd, smooth and strait,
And in harmonious order rose in state ;
'Till strength with beauty all its ramparts crown,
To ornament at once, and shield the town :
How Orpheus' power, nor rocks, nor trees withstood,
But follow'd to his harp a dancing wood ;
How savages of fierceness was disarm'd,
And from their currents listning rivers charm'd ;
How by his lyre even furies lost their strife,
And (foolish errand) stole from Hell his wife.
Our modern times as mighty deeds have done,
And wiser too than ere they thought upon :
Still music's power, unrival'd, stands confess'd,
And fiercer foes can charm than savage beast.

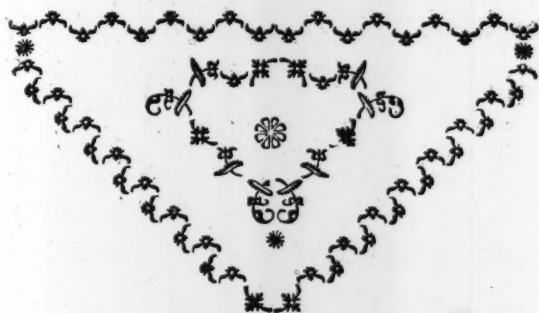
WHEN

WHEN Phorbas now, by desperation bold,
 Resolv'd to ransack round the road for gold,
 The shining mischief in his cause to press,
 One night to riot longer in excess,
 And joyous with his doxy's drink and eat,
 Before he on the gallows hung in state;
 Came forth more fierce than wolves forsake the wood,
 Intent on slaughter, to regale in blood:
 When music's sons no boding terror feels,
 In minim time pac'd on their chariot wheels,
 Sweetly concordant gently homeward tends,
 (For Bachus and Apollo had been friends.)

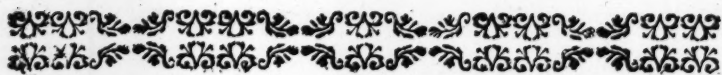
WHEN, lo! the flinted tube with death replete,
 By Phorbas pointed, threaten'd certain fate;
 Dreadfully bold, he music's sons accost
 With — *instant must your gold or lives be lost!*
 What now?—they found expostulation vain,
 And in a moment more had both been slain,
 When to their aid a violin appear'd;
 Nor could Achilles' shield more safely guard:
 Silent it pleads its tuneful master's cause,
 And strongly urg'd their god Apollo's laws:
 “ That wealth to his adherents ne'er belong,
 “ Their only boast was music, verse, and song;
 “ That strings and tunes were all they could command,
 “ An inoffensive, tuneful, quavering band.”

The

THE conscious culprit had no power to harm;
The drooping pistol own'd the potent charm,
And fell assenting with his nerveless arm.
Sweetly subdu'd, the powerful plea allow'd,
And at Apollo's shrine submissive bow'd;
Then from the dread vehicle swiftly rode,
Nor dare harm those who own'd the tuneful god.



REFLECTIONS



REFLECTIONS *in a* STAR-LIGHT N I G H T.

TO loftier themes the muse attracted rise,
 Drawn contemplative to the flaming skies,
 Where stars unnumber'd shape their rapid way,
 And nature's lord in mystic dance obey;
 By power omnipotent incessant roll,
 And with amazement strikes th' attentive soul.

To transit scan, as lamps ethereal seems
 Hung forth while absent Sol's refulgent beams,
 On this habitual with subservient light,
 Only attendant to illumine the night;
 Possession keeping o'er the azur'd plain,
 Left formless Chaos his lost throne regain.

BUT nobler thoughts th' inraptur'd muse conceives,
 And to each orb its vast dimension gives:
 Stupendous parts of wise creation's plan,
 Incomprehensive by all mortal scan;

More

(More than in magnitude, surpassing far
This earth's dimensions found each distant star)
Grand frame of worlds! which the first fiat owns
Still constant in their fix'd appointed rounds,
Just distance keeping through the blue expanse,
Lighted and lighting in their mazy dance:
Where to this earth's diurnal retrograde,
Or in their course the same direction lead;
To reason speaks revolving round their fun,
All seek their light; this earth amongst them one.

NOR but conspicuous the superior blaze,
While millions shun the most accurate gaze;
Distance immense, their spheres in order roll,
Yet form a part of one creation's whole:
There suns to people'd worlds perhaps appear;
To farther people'd worlds a distant star;
System on systems spread unmeasur'd space,
And countless ages hold their destin'd place;
Still unimpair'd incessant roll their way,
Obnoxious nor to error, or decay:
Thought far beyond—beyond conception's reach,
The gorgeous star enamel'd orders stretch!
Transcendant splendor! grand stupendous frame!
Which loud th' omniscient architect proclaim;

Who,



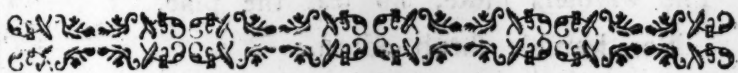
16 *Poems on various Occasions.*

Who, by his word, the glorious scene display'd,
And all the skies in all their pomp array'd;
Here roll, ye suns!—there stars!—and 'twas obey'd.

WHILE thus the universe immense we scan,
How shrinks our globe, and how important man!
From yonder people'd orbs apparent view'd,
Seen as a star of smallest magnitude;
Kind reciprocal with reflected light,
Assistance lending, beaming through their night:
Of human race its due proportion bears;
A task assign'd to all the shining spheres;
Whence reason's voice these natural thoughts excite,
These globes but nursery's for the realms of light:
Far which beneath this order'd system lies,
And act subservient to superior skies,
Far which above the grand empyreum rise;
Superb beyond conception's loftiest flight,
And only known to radiant sons of light;
Where man transplanted, if not wilful lost,
Will bloom immortal 'midst th' angelic host!



REFLECTIONS



REFLECTIONS

On WINTER.

THROUGH cold Aquariaus bleak domain,
Where winter empire holds;
Depress'd beneath his blustering reign,
The globe terrestrial rolls.

How chang'd the scene, with tempest fill'd,
Dark clouds infest the sky,
Disrob'd the late enamel'd field
In wasteful ruin lie.

Fierce Eurus binds the conquer'd mead,
And rills in frosty chains,
Where flow'ry vales sweet landskips spread,
Dire devastation reigns.

Dread Boreas howls, the plunder'd trees
Confess superior might,
No fragrance fills the nipping breeze,
The groves no more delight.

D

The

18 *Poems on various Occasions.*

The warblers mute; no leaf the pine,
Nor humble shrub adorn,
Alike their summer's pride resign,
Alike each beauty's torn.

In dark oblivion blasted lie,
While stern-fac'd winter reigns;
'Till Söl with power serene the sky,
And call to life the plains.

So will wing'd age attack this frame;
If Death suspends his blow,
Impede and chill this vital stream,
That warm meand'ring flow.

Time that makes pompous buildings quake,
And sculptur'd brass decay,
This earth-built cottage soon will shake,
And strike its props away.

Relentless will relax each nerve,
Which healthful youth has strung,
'Till feebl'd joints refuse to serve,
Nor bear their weight along.

Stolen thence the blood, the meagre cheek
Disclose a deathly pale,
Each wasting pain its station take,
And life's weak post assail.

The

Then vain will spring's lov'd scenes invite,
In vain its gems appear,
To me who, wrapt in gloomy night,
Feels winter all the year.

The ling'ring sands that close the hour,
Now shakes the ghastly king,
Each out-work won proclams his power,
No respite med'cines bring.

The mandate sign'd, now comes the blow,
The blow that all obey,
Corrupt distinctionless below,
And wait the audit day:

When shall the Son with glory crown'd,
Unfold yon eastern skies,
The awful trump tremendous sound,
And we immortal rise.





SPRING: *Or the* INVITATION.

*Addressed to Mr. ***** of BATH.*

WITH pleasing charms the blooming spring
 Adorn the youthful year,
 Responsive blith the warblers sing,
 Perfum'd the breezes are.

Sol fraught with power, from sleep profound,
 Has wak'd the flow'ry mead;
 Sweet cowslips breathing fragrance round,
 With king-cups paint the glade.

Now jocund May, with brow serene,
 Bids April storms subside;
 And hedge-rows, deck'd in brighter green,
 Unfold their gaudy pride.

The silver fry of limore stream
 Sport with the falling rills,
 Deck'd boughs with future warblers teem,
 Sweet the wood-pigeon bills.

Again

Again in hawthorn blooms adorn'd
The cool sequester'd shade,
The wood-bind bower, to life return'd,
Luxuriant odours spread.

The hills attun'd awake the shades,
Whence music fills the vale;
The lark the sweet te deum leads,
The mattins Philomel.

Come then, let's nature's chorus join,
That glads this nether sphere;
Quit with just scorn false Mira's shrine,
Let hope supplant despair.

Does furly care with bold intrude,
Distress, like winter, bring;
Observe the kind vicissitude;
See winter yields to spring.

Does calumny's pestilential breath
Invidious fix the wound,
While truth's obscur'd, see here in earth,
What flowers stern winter bound.

That now their fragrant gems display,
So truth, like Sol at noon,
Will beam; or when with brighter ray
He spurns th' opposing moon.

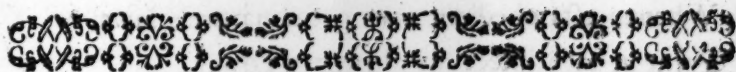
You

Does ill success thy efforts crown,
Yield nature's lord his praise;
For he permits stern fortune's frown,
And right are all his ways.

Yon towering wood-binds' lofty head,
Unhumbl'd by the frost;
No more had form'd that fragrant shade,
In bold luxuriance lost.

With me then tranquil through these vales
His glorious works survey;
Prove happiness with virtue dwells,
And peace more sweet than May,





On the DEATH of

Mr. T U D O R,

A worthy Gentleman of MARKSBURY.

WHEN worth conspicuous proves th' general
doom,
Sinks from the sight, and sleeps beneath the tomb,
Who but (that contemplates th' impartial plan)
Owns Heaven is just, yet mourns the fate of man;
Who, born to die, explores his doubtful way;
To fell disease, and wasteing care, a prey;
Does he of vice the paths, or virtue, rove;
Death is his sentence, and he death must prove.

Could ought have chang'd the fix'd decree of fate,
Sure him we mourn had known a longer date,
Had still instructive charm'd th' attentive ear,
Still solv'd our doubts by demonstrations clear.
His soul scientic truths unweary'd sought,
Reprov'd with candour, and with judgment taught;

His

Could trace his maker to each various cause,
Whence acts obedient own great nature's laws,
Point in each insect his almighty power,
The seed minute, or wide expanded flower;
Of providence describe the rightful ways,
Exalting still his great creator's praise.

DID jarring parties his decision crave,
Through him fell discord found a speedy grave,
He patient heard, impartial then decreed,
No repetition his directions need;
His reasoning's just, their fierce resentment ends,
And, though they met in wrath, they parted friends.

HIS worth domestic need the muse relate,
When tears unnumber'd silent tell 'twas great:
In him the husband, father, kind, were found,
His friendship no contracted views could bound;
So sweet he counsel'd, and so mild he sway'd,
That they most happy were who most obey'd;
For he their good now and eternal fought,
Himself a pattern of the rules he taught.

SUCH was our friend, nor such desert could save,
But death rapacious swept him to the grave;
(An humbling lesson open'd to the wise,
See, like the fool, the man of wisdom dies!)

Disease

Disease attacks, the comely frame impairs,
In vain our wishes rise, in vain our prayers,
In vain life's struggling powers regain their posts;
By death's repeated onsets all is lost;
No more life's tide ebbs through the labouring veins,
But death o'er all the mortal structure reigns:
In silence bound the tongue informs no more,
Now first o'ercome by death's destructive power.
Farewel, lov'd shade, the painful conflict o'er,
Hope points you landed on some blissful shore;
Or now, exalted to some lofty sphere,
You read your maker in a print more clear.
Sacred to you, while veil'd in flesh below,
The muse shall of her leisure part bestow;
When you (though strict by nature's law forbid)
Shall me revisit in the lonely shade;
With me again in friendly converse join,
For bright in memory still your precepts shine,
And when intent on your celestial flight,
Will you in fancy trace to realms of light;
See you revolving o'er the blue expanse,
Explore the wonders of the starry dance;
Each comet's course to their Aphelion trace
(To us amazing) through unmeasur'd space;
From sun to sun mark you ascendant rise,
'Till thought no more can climb the dazzling skies:
For this our faith, on this our hope rely;
This scriptures teach,—good men can never die!



T H E
 NEWTON RESURRECTION;
 OR, THE
 WONDERS *of* MOSES B****T,

*Who, digging a Well near the Church-Yard, drove a Lane
 under the Church, and actually sunk the Superstructure.*

WHEN Phœbus' steeds that tread the sky,
 Drank murmuring brooks and fountains dry,
 And NEWTON, through its wide domain,
 Had long bewail'd the want of rain;
 Still fruitful storms refuse supplies,
 The wells around lamented dries,
 And cellars 'gan to sympathize;
 At length, to stop impending fate,
 The chiefs conven'd, in council sat.

WHEN mem'ry rous'd, this truth disclose,
 (Whence resolutions great arose)

That

That MOSES once, with powerful blow,
Made Miribas rocks with water flow.

A modern MOSES soon is found,
To search the cisterns under-ground,
Earth's secret caverns to explore,
To find where skulk'd its wat'ry store;
And it forthwith to bring to day,
For 'twas in vain they found to pray;
Therefore resolv'd by force to seize,
Nor longer credit give the skies.

Now MOSES see, equipt appear,
While all his mission high revere:
A wond'rous hat, succinct and round;
His head of wonders, closely bound;
A jerkin strong adorn'd his hide,
With belt of leather closely ty'd;
Dread trowsers pendant from his waste,
His nether parts completely drest;
Like eastern kings, his legs were bare,
And wore of ancient shoes a pair;
Thus forth he march'd in statu quo,
While frighten'd babes cry'd bullo-bo;
With mattock arm'd, for rod divine,
Whose touch the firmest rocks disjoin;
Fierce blows he deals; the earth divides,
And through its bosom safe he rides;

No

No mole more swifter digs his way,
When frightened at the blaze of day.

IN wicker cart of antic mode,
Suspended by a rope, he rode;
Not such a cart whence tyburn guest
Are wont to make their last bequest;
But safe he hung, though fitly ty'd,
The rope might better been employ'd:
Now dreadful blows he deals around,
The dire commotion shakes the ground;
While conquers of the riether deep
Lay headless, if they dar'd to peep;
And many twisting wounded lay,
Drawn there by fatal flash of day;
At length the station'd depths beneath,
The powerful MOSES do receive.

BUT who'll with mortal tongue relate
His wond'rous works when in the deep;
The dead, who'd long forgot the day,
Astonish'd, felt his mattock play;
And chapless skulls his blows resound,
Alarm'd as at the trumpet's found;
Old MOSES' deeds no more surprize,
While from the New such wonders rise;
He Pharaoh's host to ruin led,
The present fairly rose the dead,

Made

Made church-yard tenants round obey,
And rise in cart-loads up to day,
Compel'd as 'twere in nature's spite,
To view again the heated light,
And though by death exempt from toil,
Was forc'd around t' improve the foil.

ENOUGH, in conscience, now was done
By any man beneath the sun,
But MOSES, to record his name,
With deeds that fill the trump of fame,
And thought, tho' he no springs could gain,
He's dress'd, nor will be dress'd in vain,
So by his own invested power,
He, SAMSON like, attacks the tower;
As DAGON's one, devoid of fear,
This NEWTON's temple fought with care,
'Till gain'd its pillars, firm support,
Begins its fall in furious sort.

LONG had its tower its turrets rear'd,
Nor west nor northern tempests fear'd;
View'd with disdain the wasteing flood,
High on a rock its basis stood,
To th' skies its flaming cock was born,
And Corston's steeple held in scorn;
Contemptuous seem'd his wings to spread,
And at their May-pole shook his head.

Its

ITS rocky base no more can boast,
But mourns its firm foundations lost;
Would ne'er to time nor tempest yield,
Yet, MOSES fapt, its turrets reel'd,
And, nodding with tremendous bow,
Confess'd its wounds receiv'd below.

THE trembling cock wou'd've left his seat,
But fast was held by iron fate;
He saw in station topping all,
Expos'd he stood to heavier fall;
Of pride he felt the dire vexation,
And envy'd those of lower station.

THE clock that ly'd from day to day,
Estrang'd from all mechanic sway;
From whence, who would the hour descry,
Must add, substract, or multiply;
Denoting some strange deed was done,
Surprizing change, struck twelve at noon.

SHOOK to their base, its arches now
Threat ruin to the vale below;
Through which the trav'ller steps in haste,
Lest all should tumble ere he's past,
For chasms its tottering state disclose,
And quakes each furly blast that blows.

Lo, these are part, but who'll proclaim,
Or give his future deeds to fame:
The temple's rent, the dead are rose,
His feats on earth yet no one knows,
For having shap'd to light his way,
He rose triumphant back to day!



A BURIAL



A

B U R I A L H Y M N,

Taken out of the 7th Chap. of JOB.

O UR time th' Almighty does dispose,
 And fix the tranſient ſpan,
 For as the hireling's day do cloſe,
 So life muſt end with man.

AND as the labourer anxiously
 The ſhadow's motion wait,
 So I recount the days that fly,
 Each ſhortning ſtill my date.

WHEN I lie down I reſtleſs cry,
 When ſhall I ceaſe to moan?
 My days as weavers ſhuttles fly,
 Yet hope returneth none.

MY life's but wind, remember thou,
 My God! I thee implore,

Nor

Nor shall the eye that see me now,
Ere long behold me more.

THOUGH I have sin'd, my pardon sign,
Some pity on me take,
Not for the least desert of mine,
But for my Saviour's sake.

N, For when thou look'st I vanish'd straight,
And like a cloud am gone;
Nor more must know my former state;
All life's concerns are done.

Low in the dust, releas'd from pain,
In death's cold fetters bound;
I sleep; nor look for me in vain,
For I no more am found.





O N

A VISIT to MARSHFIELD.

Address'd to Mr. W. O.

AS when some star plebeian Phœbus seeks,
 To store with light its near extinguish'd cheeks;
 And from that source renew'd its brilliance tries,
 As round its sphere it beams the lower skies;
 So I return'd from that most sweet retreat,
 Haunt of the graces, and the muses seat,
 Where, nobly good, you flames the farce of power,
 Nor to be great solitious swells your store;
 Heaven's bounteous gifts enjoys, nor wishes more.

My bosom kindling at th' attractive blaze,
 And beating high to join your general praise;
 Would glad essay to touch the warbling string,
 And though with voice untun'd attempt to sing:
 But vain th' attempt, if aid the muse denys,
 Each thought, tho' warm conceiv'd, in embrio dies;

O

Or if to birth, in feeble strains is mov'd,
Stands self-accus'd, arraign'd, then disapprov'd.

COULD I but of your genius boast a part,
That native genius buoyant over art,
Or with you drank the sweet castalian stream,
And numbers boasted equal to the theme;
Descriptive verse should paint how rank'd among
Your native chorister's harmonious throng;
You sweetly chant the great JEHOVA's praise,
In songs accordant with seraphic lays:
How wrapt in thought the soul ascendant wings,
As to the spinet's lofty note you sings;
The kindly sweet laburnam shade * repeat,
Or hymns to nature's lord * confess'dly great;
She darts unbounded through yon starry cove,
And seems attentive to the songs above:
Or sing your hospitable friendly treat,
From all restraint exempt, genteely great;
The temp'rate glass which mirth sublime excite,
Life of the muse, and source of true delight;
The social chat, with virtuous precepts stor'd,
And all the order of the plenteous board:
But here implanted far from Phœbus' shrine,
Far from the favourite of the tuneful nine;

Where

An excellent Poem of his own, and one of Mr. ADDISON's, both
which he has set to Music.

Where none the care clog'd muse assistance lends ;
 Where scarcely three accordant will be friends :
 What can I more than at a distance view
 Those rays conspicuous which distinguish you ?

O ! had my date on Marshfield hills began,
 Blossom'd my youth, and ripen'd into man ;
 What from your converse had I then acquir'd,
 By precept warn'd, and by example fir'd ;
 Had learn'd all care sublunar to defy,
 To live like you unblam'd, and how to die :
 With you that great divine * attendant on,
 Whose precepts in his bright example shone ;
 Remember'd oft our great redeemer's love,
 Nor from your altar been indignant drove.

VAIN wish ! life's stages swiftly wing their way,
 Far youth's remov'd, nor long will manhood's stay ;
 The down-hill road ere long must joyless prove,
 And shortly from this scene of things remove :
 Yet still my choicest wishes you attend,
 And glory, if allow'd, to call you friend ;
 Revere, admire, and wish you soon to prove
 The joys attendant on hymenial love ;
 Bless some lov'd maid, ere yet the season's lost,
 That future times may future OLAND's boast.

On

* A worthy Dissenting Minister of that Place.



ON THE
BIRTH-DAY of Miss *****,

An amiable Young Lady of TWERTON.

FULL eighteen times-bright sol has aries gain'd,
And eighteen times the wintry monarch reign'd;
Since near her streams reclin'd in abject state,
Avonia, lovely goddess, pensive sat;
Her robe display'd the trout and gudgeon's dye,
The dace, the eel, and all her finny fry;
Of sighing reeds her head a garland crown'd;
Her braided tresses youthful osiers bound;
One naked arm sustain'd her drooping head,
When thus her plaints resounded from the shade:

HAPLESS Twerton! once Avonia's boast;
How are thy nymphs to fame, to virtue, lost!
Long pleas'd have I with all my lucid power,
From Bath descending, wash'd thy pleasant shore;
Delighted view'd thy damsels as I've pass'd,
Thy damsels learned, beauteous were, and chaste:

But

But some fell power malignant now presides,
 Which round from breast to breast inherent glides;
 From virtue's paths estrang'd, they're madly drove
 By headlong passion, and unlicens'd love;
 To graceful learning lost their whole pretence,
 While pride supplies the mighty void of sense;
 Thy youths disgust proclaims th' attraction lost,
 Though fairest village on my flowery coast;
 Nor longer thus contemptuous shalt remain,
 But fought thy maids by each admiring swain;
 This to effect I've fought thy sedgey shore,
 And for redress will hence the powers implore;
 Her knee then bending with a decent care,
 Thus to the queen of gods address'd her prayer;

“ IMPERIAL Juno, whose presiding care,
 “ Watches with due regard the matron'd fair;
 “ O once propitious lend thy powerful aid,
 “ And let be born an exemplary maid,
 “ With every grace, with every virtue dress'd,
 “ And let Twertonian with that maid be bless'd;
 “ Of virgin purity O let her prove
 “ A bright example, and of virtuous love;
 “ Let her (still mindful of her better part)
 “ Instruct to gain, and how to keep the heart;
 “ Of filial duty to a pattern prove,
 “ Attracting still the bless'd paternal love;

“ As in a mirror, let in her be shown,
“ True happiness from virtue springs alone.”

HER prayer ascended to the thrones above,
Nor unattent the powerful queen of Jove,
Her peacocks teem'd, in haste the goddess flies,
Minerva summons'd, with her left the skies;
The muses order'd to attend her state,
All instantaneous on the goddess wait;
With rapid speed she through the æther drove,
Right to the regions of the queen of love,
Demands her aid with more than common care,
To make accomplish'd sweet Avonia's prayer.

IMMORTAL essence store the goddess brought,
Which curiously with skill Minerva wrought,
While round the muses in full concert join,
And made the soul harmonious all divine;
Deep in her heart she plac'd (the gifts of Jove)
The seeds of virtue, pity, truth, and love;
The seeds of wisdom with no sparing hand,
Obedient to the gods express command;
Whence sweet informing nerves she nicely strings,
And join'd them to the softest female tongue,
That both inform'd might correspondent move,
Nor but what's meant below declare above.

THESE

THESE gently heal'd, bright Venus next essay'd,
And from her likeness form'd th' exterior maid;
Each lineament she rang'd proportionate,
And from her smiling cheeks forbad deceit;
With proper tints each lovely feature dyes,
And with amazing lustre form'd her eyes;
Each gesture gave a sweet becoming air,
And finish'd with a mother's tender care.

GREAT Juno then the work with care survey'd,
And own'd perfection grac'd the lovely maid;
Jove pleas'd beheld her from his bright abode,
And on her vital warmth and life bestow'd.

Now, as a planet blessing all its sphere,
Bright thro' the village shines th' accomplish'd fair,
And in each part exceeds Avenia's prayer.



REFLECTION



REFLECTIONS on TIME.

*Address'd to the Propagators and Prosecutors of several
litigious LAW-SUITS then carrying on in the Neigh-
bourhood, to one of which the Author had been twice
Subpœna'd.*

ANOTHER year of the recording date,
That circumscribes the span ordain'd by fate,
Has join'd those hours that could creation boast,
In time's capacious tomb eternal lost;
Since fraught with rancour and intestine war,
Ye flew disputants to the wrangling bar;
Unprey'd by time, still lives the fell debate,
Tho' on your wrath three hundr'd suns have sat;
Love unreturn'd time swift invading flies,
Saps unperceiv'd and past all grasp defies,
Sparing your rage do softer brass devour,
Will soon arrest the globe, and be no more.

G

YET

YET what proportion holds the scanty span,
The transient hours that bound the life of man ;
Even should he, struggling with his load of cares,
Attain th' amazing date of fourscore years :
Death's latent traps escaping wondrous ways,
Sinks laden deep with years, and full of days ;
How rare attain'd review in early bloom,
Thick strew'd around the tenants of the tomb,
Count each whose life's to its meridian run,
The partner's of his youth, what numbers gone ;
Like budding flowers, nipt by untimely blasts,
Fall'n immature, or yet their morning past ;
Scarce prints remembrance, tho' once worthy found,
Fast 'till the audit with corruption bound.

AND ere, bright sol, has run another course,
Our weeping friends may prove the like divorce ;
May to the dust commit this brittle frame,
And time, like their's, obliterate our name.
The pleader, death, deciding every cause,
Will force submission to his equal laws ;
No bribe subverts, no learn'd harangue has power
The sentence to revoke, or gain an hour.

ALL to th' insatiate grave obey command,
Some more remote, perhaps, and some at hand ;
Tho' this we know, if at the farthest goal,
We see the horizon that bounds the whole :

Join then, ye thoughtless, ere occasion's lost,
And we lie shipwreck'd on death's wintry coast;
In friendship's bands each lend to each support,
Bound as we are to one eternal port,
With modest hope keeping aloof despair,
Nor faulty anxious, nor remissly steer;
Pride, spleen, and av'rice, bane of social love,
Quick from the breast, if lurking there, remove;
Revenge forego, assur'd ere long we must
Lie silent blended each with each in dust,
Nor knowing which may the next boistrous wave
O'er-set, or foundering, sink into the grave,
And Heaven's bright precepts teach what such betide
Who sinks ere yet their fierce revenge subside.

THEN ere yon sun declines, forgive, or fear
To stand convicted at th' eternal bar;
For mark the terms whence mercy flows from Heav'n
To ADAM's race,—*forgive, and be forgiven.*





A SHORT REVIEW of

A JOURNEY from the COUNTRY to
TAUNTON ASSIZES:

Written after the Return from the aforesaid Trials,

THE morning rose, expected long,
 Prepar'd to swear, bestirs the throng;
 Subpoena safe in pocket thrust,
 The dreaded charge to reimburse;
 Mounts saddl'd cart-horse, which exceeds
 In mirth or RALPH's or SANCHE's steeds,
 To Taunton-dean, with sportive glee;
 God's! what a jovial company:
 But midst the clients such a crew,
 Her oldest sages never knew;
 Informers, which fierce vengeance rules,
 Litigious, poor, and wealthy fools;
 Gulls, whose disputes the weight of pelf,
 Each daring each to squander wealth;

Through



Through pride in folly's list inroll'd,
Came fatten'd for the feast with gold,
Round whom attendant lawyers play,
And wishful eye the destin'd prey;
So Vultures ere the battle join,
By strong imagination dine,
Each tie endearing cancel'd flies,
His neighbour each suspicious eyes
With glance malign from each divides,
While fee-fed lawyers burst their sides;
For confidence, by law o'erthrown,
Distrusts, usurps, and rules alone:
Though trifling the contention be,
It banishes all amity;
Not on their cause, but wealth, they trust,
And thence implies the law's unjust;
Nor ever stands disclos'd the cheat,
'Till of the hook they've lost the bait.

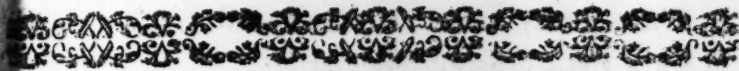
THE evidence no trouble need,
They faunter, gape, and highly feed,
And own't a holiday indeed;
And wisely all in this agree,
To live at large while charge is free;
And ham and fowls each day afford,
And quaking pudding load the board;
Quaffs in october, punch, and wine,
'Till waistcoats burst and faces shine;

Still

Still arguing clears th' opponents wrong,
For which their evidence is strong.
While listening clients leer applause,
And only eat and drink their cause,
For they devoted (rigid fate)
Come to be eaten, not to eat;
To lawyers keen their purses draw,
Who milk them clean by dint of law,
And as t' affront their clients loath,
They very fairly strip them both;
Their cause insure, their charge bemoan,
Nor are they laugh'd at—'till they're gone.

A MITTLED stallion leaps the bounds,
And crops at large the flowery grounds,
Snuffs females in his wanton ring,
Slakes at each sweet delightful spring;
Should fleazing steel the cause remove,
And he dire castration prove,
No more he frolicks, bounds, nor wanton,
But look like dupes return'd from Taunton.





O N

AN ARTIFICIAL AURICULA

Winning the Prize at LYNCOTE Florist-Fest, 1761.

AS Flora, in her evening bowers,
Ordain'd succession to her flowers;
She had th' Auricula adjourn,
And grace her reign at spring's return,
Thence mov'd, late humbl'd in its pride,
Disconsolate it thus reply'd:
"No more I in thy train appear,
"Nor hail the queen another year;
"Nor at thy shrine in honour bend,
"Thy reign, oh Flora's at an end."

The goddess then:—"What storms are nigh,
"No winter blasts, infect the sky;
"What then my pompous reign oppose,
"Not yet awake the blooming Rose;
"Nor

" Nor does my Tulips yet unfold
 " Their gaudy tints of flame and gold;
 " Soon the Carnation shall arise;
 " Ah—boast no more,"—Auricula cries:

" For know in Bath's enchanting shade
 " Triumphant reigns the rival maid,
 " Who, blest with just creative power,
 " Calls forth at will each beauteous flower;
 " With permanent tints they rise,
 " Nor sunshine court, nor dread the skies,
 " And round their queen resplendant glow
 " In colours of the show'ry bow;
 " So just their form, so bright their dyes,
 " From me, thy chief, they bore the prize:
 " Thy sons decreed the just desert,
 " And nature vanquish'd, yields to art.
 " Oh, goddess, stop her rising fame,
 " Or lost thy diadem and name."

THE Roseat goddess thus reply'd:
 " Not arts like her's can Flora hide,
 " For at a court conven'd above,
 " (Present himself, commanding Jove)
 " Pallas for leave a bill convey'd,
 " To substitute a mortal maid,
 " The gay creation to supply,
 " When all my flowery nations die:

" Still

“ Still to adorn the British fair,
“ And bloom around the various year;
“ In which to shew my just compliance,
“ I henceforth claim with her alliance.
“ Then to the skies let fame proclaim,
“ We share with her our glorious reign;
“ Nor let my sons their judgment grieve,
“ Since she might Flora’s self deceive;
“ Nor shall the nymph so justly fam’d,
“ Be * SMITH, but sister Flora nam’d.”

* Miss SMITH, opposite the Pump-Room, BATH.





LYNCOMB FLORIST Feast, 1765.

*When Miss SMITH, (the celebrated Artificial Flowerist,
and whose Flower won the Prize the preceding Year)
gave a Silver Pint Cup for the Prize.*

NOW Phœbus, Heaven's bright charioteer,
Had pass'd the signs, and clos'd the year,
And climbing high th' etherial road,
Through Taurus now advanc'd the God,
Since Flora (condescension rare)
Shar'd empire with a mortal fair,
When youthful May proclaims in haste
The double rights of Flora's feast.

To Lyncomb shades, ye sons repair,
Your queen's, your flora's train is there,
Where LANCASHIRE, in youth their guide,
Displays them in their blooming pride,

Resplendent

Resplendant while in pomp they stand,
She there her ancient rights demand;
Mean while the prize the skilful fair,
Her sole vicegerent will declare.

WHEN thus the nymph—ye Flora's race,
Whose offerings all her triumphs grace,
Your queen attend, let incense rise,
A silver bowl, I name the prize,
My gift on Flora's fons bestow'd,
To merit only be't allow'd.

THIS fame receiv'd to merit true,
And loud her shrill mouth'd trumpet blew,
Forthwith her fons attendant came,
Obedient to the blast of fame,
The honours due to Flora, paid
To Flora and her favourite maid;
The alters smoke, the goblets crown'd,
And loud the concert reign resound.

MEAN while, in grand promiscuous state,
The beauteous tribes their call await;
When thus, as one by pride awoke,
Vice's green seedling rose and spoke:
"Midst all our tribes of brilliant hue,
"Not here my equal can I view;
"Though

" Though molten beauteous as the morn,
 " Meridian state my gems adorn;
 " Nor rivalry with me can boast,
 " I'm lordly't of the flowery host."

THE molton, stung with modest pride,
 Thus to the boasting flower reply'd:
 " Vain-glorious! hence thy pride forego,
 " And look midst yonder modest row,
 " For there, as merit best befits,
 " The fair *ortanio hides his beams,
 " Not yet display'd his nobler state,
 " Henceforth be mute, and wait thy fate."

THE warm contention to compose,
 Ortanio in his state arose,
 Whom when the haughty flower had view'd,
 Amaz'd, confus'd, abash'd, he stood,
 When he to honour ever true,
 " In me, ye flowers, no rival view;
 " Though midst your ranks I take my place,
 " My queen is but of mortal race:
 " Her forming hands my beauties gave,
 " Who could your wisest chiefs deceive;
 " And now to Flora's sons alone
 " The prize do give, claim I disown;

Nor,

* The Name of a Made FLOWER, sent there by Miss SMITH, which
 might have easily deceiv'd the Company a second Time.

“ Nor it attendant came to gain,
“ But to confirm her equal reign.”

’Twas hush’d; complacence smil’d around,
And festive mirth the triumphs crown’d.



O N

F O R G I V E N E S S.




NONE with a joy more sweet the mind relieves;
No bliss more permanent than who forgives;
Composing peace each cancel’d wrong succeeds,
As earnest for the Heaven accepted deed;
O’er conscious failings, consolation beams,
’Till all is calm as Avon’s tranquil streams,
Submits his cause with confidence to Heaven,
There trusts, as he forgave, to be forgiven.

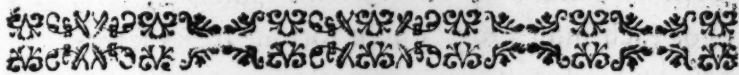
DELUDED mortal, whose revenge compleat,
With pains impost on thy self a cheat,
No peace succeeds, thy conscious heart must prove
The just reverse of reciprocal love;

Say,

Say, wrapt in sleep, hast thou ere peaceful lay,
Or hast thou e'er the impudence to pray?
No, sure, like Phlegethon's boiling sea,
Thy breast a mart of tumult still must be;
Where palid fear presaging watchful stand,
To ward resentment from some injur'd hand;
For none so just in fierce revenge is found,
But deeper then the fault inflicts the wound;
Thence stirs the peaceful else without design,
And with another's blacken still their crime.

No longer then be envious discord known,
Nor wrest from Heaven what Heaven has nam'd its own,
Least yengeance rous'd our fairest hopes defeat,
And we as bold Promethians mourn too late:
Let mild reproof our injuries justly shew,
This to a friend will charm the fiercest foe,
Who sweet subdu'd will own the just desert,
As kindness melts the most obdurate heart;
Revenge and envy will abash'd forego,
And wonder how he came to be a foe;
Whence reconcilment will as incense rise,
And waft its fragrance to th' applauding skies.





O N

F O R T I T U D E.

LESS noble deeds let pompous numbers swell,
Him celebrate, my muse, who suffers well;
Who fortune's frowns to meet unmuring dare
Convinc'd as man, he man's distress must share,
Through scorn of ill in heaven repose his trust,
Whose 'tis to raise, or humble to the dust;
If he remiss but proves the just desert,
This, even this, will fortify his heart,
Shall with chastisement consolation prove,
As Heaven's correcting hand bespeaks its love;
Whence each distress shall lose its poniant sting,
And peace succeeds like sweet returns of spring.

Does fortune partial hide her chearing beams,
Mock all his toil, and baffle all his schemes,
Ills crowd on ills, and storms on storms arise,
Eclips'd his sun, and darken'd all his skies;

B.

By friends deserted, and by foes oppress'd,
 Torn by detraction, and by none redress'd;
 (For each must prove whom fortune treats severe,
 His wisdom's folly, virtues, vices are)
 Yet hope shall buoy him thro' life's boist'rous sea,
 Trim all his sails, and brace each slackning stay,
 Speeding the oar which foil'd industry plies,
 Point on to calmer seas and brighter skies;
 His bark 'twixt Charybdis and Scylla steer,
 Sooth all his anguish, and repel despair.

Does storms prevail, nor furious tempests cease,
 Not far the port he eyes, where all's at peace,
 Where shelt'ring come th' oppressor and oppress'd,
 Who prosperous gales has prov'd, or storms depress'd,
 There side by side in death's grand natural port,
 All anchoring safe, no more ate fortune's sport.

Then let fierce Shylock every art employ,
 Let him practise each method to destroy,
 Let him obdurate sport with children's cries,
 And, * Moloch like, enjoy the sacrifice;
 Let him insatiate, dead to all remorse,
 Proud Ahab like, the vineyard hold by force;
 Let him, when balk'd in his dishonest aim,
 With vile aspersions, murder to his fame;

Scorn'd

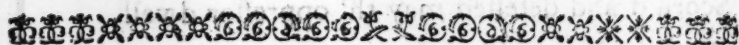
* One of the Devils to whom the deceiv'd Israelites offer'd their
 Children in Sacrifice.

Scorn'd and detested may th' oppressor dwell,
Who'd, JUDAS like, for gold his master sell.

LET others too — but yet suspended keep,
Or let th' indignant lash preparing sleep,
Too weak its force to scourge th' insidious smile,
And specious speech which flatters to beguile,
Th' affected kindness tending to allure,
And friendship feign'd to point the stab secure,
Yet he through fortitude repining scorn,
Unshelter'd to sustain th' afflicting storm;
If humbl'd thence he bends, experience wise;
Still the proud tuant and barbarous sneer defies,
Like storm-shook oaks, tho' bruis'd th' aspiring shoots,
The stock fresh vigour gains, and deeper roots.

NOR ye oppressive boast, nor self applaud,
Whom Heaven in wrath perhaps has made a rod;
But mark the hint the friendly muse convey,
Think, serious think! there'll be a judgment day!





An E N I G M A.

ON rural plains I liv'd in humble state,
 But what escapes the murdering hand of fate;
 Of life depriv'd, I wanton'd many a round,
 Thence gain'd a name, and soon employment found.
 Now see me busy'd; bathing, drinking, sweating,
 But seldom 'tis you'll see me fond of eating.
 My liquor too, voracious beast you'll think,
 I disembody, and then again I drink.
 What wonder then, if, when the battle,
 Sometimes you see me furiously engage:
 For, taking head, I strive to end the strife,
 And quell the flames that haunt domestic life.
 Elate on steed exalted, see me ride,
 My brazen hostile foe hard by my side;
 Hear loud huzzas my merry march proclaim,
 To end what force effected, not by shame.
 But all these services avail me not,
 For unrewarded I must go to pot;
 Yet what I've drank—but hold—I speak too plain—
 Is sweetly welcom'd to the rural swain.

To



To C E L I A,

With a Tuff of Flowers.

DEAR CELIA, see the blooming rose,
With woodbines sweet, this tuff compose;
Resplendant bright their tints appear,
Their breath perfumes the ambient air;
Just emblems those of thee, transcendant fair!
But soon their beauty will be gone!
The wither'd chaplet view anon;
Robb'd of its tints the rose will fade!
The woodbinds fragrance will be fled:
So time will steal thy beauty, lovely maid!

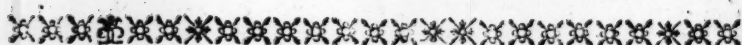
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CATCH then,—O catch the fleeting hour;
Our youth once fled returns no more!

Be reason's voice obey'd:
By virtue's rules your conduct steer;
That beauty's loss will well repair,
And never, — never fade!

On



ON THE
PRODUCE *of the* YEAR.

CONFESS ye, who contemplative survey,
How due to nature's Lord is human praise;
Whose powerful guidance mocks all mortal scan,
Yet loud proclaims his wond'rous love to man;
With liberal gifts his every wish supplies,
Which round profuse in bright succession rise:
See nature's lap with flow'ry verdure spread,
Solace the fattening flock by which he's fed;
While to the sythe spontaneous others rise,
And all their wants through winter's bleak supplies,
Hence to his table food delicious throng;
Hence staunch for labour, see his oxen strong,
The fallows drudge, which fertiliz'd receives,
The future crop it in abundance gives:
Hence raiment girds him, hence together springs
The peasants solace, and the state of kings.
See vegetable nations round him stand,
And court the kind acceptance of his hand;

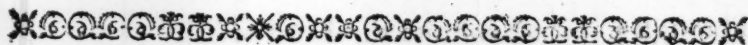
While

While mirth fraught juices laden boughs afford,
In homage bending to their earthly lord :
See golden crops adorn the swelling field,
And tribute large the joyful harvest yield,
Largely repays his health rewarded toil,
And pours abundant corn, and wine, and oil :
With liberal hand repleteing every store,
'Till satiate avarice can crowd no more ;
Attendant waits obedient to his call,
Through goodness infinite the Lord of All!

AND is there he who dares these gifts receive,
Unmindful of the glorious hand that give,
Proudly adopts the self-deceiving cheat,
How tim'd his soil, his tillage how compleat ;
Spurns him, less prosp'rous, with contemptious frown,
And stores rapacious what he calls his own.

UNGRATEFUL miscreant! this thy pride I owe,
The drivelling idiot is more wise than thou ;
Who taught the clouds emergent from the main,
To pour their fatness on thy lifeless grain ;
Bid vernal suns envilening warmth infuse,
And made the limbecks for prolific dews,
With-held the blast pernicious from the east,
Which else had lain thy whole dependance waste ;
Bid bellowing storms untimely rage forbear,
And temper'd suns ordain'd the ripening year ;

If ought of this thou didst then self applaud,
 If not with grateful praise, revere thy God:
 From whose exhaustless granary swells thy store,
 That thou might'st well reward the labouring poor,
 Might'st of abundance some the needy spare;
 Insurance for thy crops each future year:
 For this decree the lord of harvest gives,
 That prosperous years shall bless who kind relieves.



An E N I G M A.

REMARK me well, though now I mask'd appear,
 I lie expos'd through all the various year;
 Sometimes so bright that I'm a proverb grown,
 At other times so faint am scarcely known;
 Yet still obedient I your steps await,
 Though us'd ignoble (such my abject state)
 I often guide when you on pleasures roam,
 And with most steady care conduct you home;
 Tho' ne'er within your door allow'd to come.
 As fierce extremes the damn'd are said to know,
 And different stations to augment their woe;
 So I with flowers bedeckt now sweet appear,
 Now excrements indecent me besmear;

A favourite

A favourite now I confidence enjoy ;
Now quite discarded, and refus'd employ.
Thus oft I'm cross'd ; should am'rous Strephon rove,
And with kind Chloe seek sequester'd love,
Me soon they leave, from me their toy conceal,
Least I to public should their blifs reveal ;
Them I await, stretch'd on the verdant ground,
And where they left me still am to be found ;
Yet though thus slighted should I be but lost,
My want's experienc'd at the loser's cost ;
Through bogs and brakes, o'er steril plains they roam
In search of me, nor go without me home ;
For I alike on all submissive wait,
The wise, the fool, the poor, the rich, the great ;
Yet when illegal made I mischiefs draw,
And my creator subjects to the law.





ON HEARING the

BATH ABBEY BELLS,

*An Excellent Peal of EIGHT, and fitly adapted to be
improv'd into a Compleat Peal of TEN.*

SWEETLY accordant hear the warblers raise,
And with their own chant forth fam'd * RUD-
HALL's praise;

Shrill eccho rouses in her mossy cell,
Who sweet resounds them, and enchants the vale.
Hark!—more distinct, the swelling sounds arise,
Like larks ascending, beat the vaulted skies;
The welkin's height scarce bound their high-strain'd
song,

As though to choirs divine their notes belong.
Hail Bath harmonious! hail thou sacred doom,
Melodious, whence those strains transporting come;

Whose

* Their Founder.

Whose turrets rising, with majestic state,
Denote thy awful structure, truly great :
Bright emblem of the Saints, thy mansion owns,
Whom just pre-eminence so glorious crowns :
Hail sweet attendants of the sacred shrine,
Who justly your origin boast divine ;
Who first in Sinai's sterile waste appear'd,
And tuneful in the tabernacle heard ;
Gold deck'd round † AARON's sacred vestments hung,
And, by the Lord's command, obedient sung ;
Sweet Israel's Psalmist too your aid implor'd, ‡
When he in grateful raptures prais'd the LORD ;
For though the organ breaths seraphic lays,
The lofty cymbal wide extends his praise.
May you whose merit claims it, haply find
Fit patrons, who, t' improve your worth inclin'd,
Will free exert their voice, their purse, and pen,
That Paul's fam'd pile may boast its peal of TEN.

† Exod. ch. xxviii. v. 33. 34.

‡ Psalm cl. ver. 5.





COLLIN and STREPHON.

FAST by a smiling stream embroider'd mead,
 A branching elm projects a friendly shade,
 Sol's fiercest beams, lost in the leafy maze,
 Bewilder'd midst the trembling branches plays;
 There the wood-pigeon woe's its cooing love,
 Secure as in the deep sequester'd grove;
 The feather'd concerts there unite in song,
 And there conceal'd they rear their callow young:
 Beneath which STREPHON sat in thought profound,
 In care he seem'd or contemplation drown'd;
 His flute neglected on a hillock lay,
 Erst warbling joyous at the close of day;
 Unusual sighs did from his bosom steal,
 When blithsome COLLIN likewise sought the vale;
 No kinder shepherd knew the pasturing plain,
 He thus from thoughts lethargic woke the swain.

COLLIN.

DELIGHTFUL is the evening, sweet the breeze,
 By zephyr's whisper'd through the fragrant trees;

From

From yonder brake the thrush still wakes the vale,
And sweet her mattins chant the nightingale;
While flowers, which thro' the tranquil vale abound,
Diffuse their sweets and lavish fragrance bound:
Why then so pensive, STREPHON? whence the care
That thus depress and cloud thy native air?
I've mark'd the musing near yon margin's side,
Whose brook beneath obstructing pebbles chide;
As press'd with grief, thy soul's dismay declare,
My friendly breast shall thy affliction share.

STREPHON.

'Twas COLLIN spoke;—thou try'd, thou steady
friend!
May Heaven thy flock from all mischance defend:
May'st thou thro' prosperous years augment thy store
Nor woes on thee as now on STREPHON pour;
Pursue thy errand, leave thy pensive friend,
Thy kindness now can no assistance lend.

COLLIN.

As when the drooping flock with bane oppress'd,
Would soon be lost if timely not redress'd,
So thou alone for aught I can descry,
Would'st soon to melancholy fall a prey.
Again I urge thee to disclose thy grief,
Thy kind advice has often gave relief;

Hast

68 *Poems on various Occasions.*

Hast often broke the points of biting woe,
Made sighs to die, and tears forget to flow;
For grief, like torrents parted, lose their force,
Which else might deluge in its headlong course.

S T R E P H O N.

No, gentle COLLIN, better know thy friend,
Though now beneath a load of cares I bend;
Though woes, like pelting hail, no respite give,
Though N*****'s hand, like death's, grant no reprieve,
Though wrung my heart with every poignant pain,
Though every softning art is try'd in vain;
Yet mague this thy friend will ne'er despair,
But still rely on Heaven's protecting care,
Patient sustain what its permission load,
Welcome correction, and embrace the rod.
But where's the mind so pois'd in wisdom's scale,
That equal ballanc'd lets no side prevail;
That indigence sustains with level beam,
Nor affluence mount above the point extream;
But when prosperity withdraws its smiles,
When friends forsake, and foes thro' craft reviles,
Arraign'd, condemn'd, unheard his just defence,
And falshood veil'd takes place of innocence,
Who then, compos'd to peace, can tranquil rest,
Nor thus, like me, in sighs unload his breast.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

WHENCE then thy lowly plight I well perceive,
And STREPHON, doubtless, may have cause to grieve;
Yet reason still should guard against excess,
For grief immoderate only adds distress.

STREPHON.

NOR grief immoderate shall indulgence find,
As erst remark'd to providence resign'd,
But not to feel, not to regret my pain,
Where Heaven's correcting hand employ'd in vain:
Yet while its goodness for some glorious end,
Raise some aloft, while some afflictions bend;
When far as mortal eyes can penetrate,
Those whom dejection loads claim milder fate;
What more behoves to give its justice praise,
Than thus to contemplate its rightful ways.

SINCE happiness below 's an empty name,
And disappointments wait each state the same;
'Twill some relief afford the sickning mind,
To find its lot the lot of human kind;
And midst the flowing cups with sweets replete,
To see the cups of gall proportionate;
And where the gall conspicuous most arise,
The peaceful currents which its sweets supplies:

Heaven's

Heaven's justice hence will unimpeach'd appear,
 And we our destin'd lot more patient bear ;
 To peace inherent certain 'twill conduce,
 Or from all discontentment strip excuse :
 On this intent I shun the haughty throng,
 To whom no pity, no remorse belong ;
 To learn with ills more patient to endure,
 And to the breast the needful peace procure ;
 While Phœbus now foregoes his fiercer rage,
 And seeks with milder glow his evening stage ;
 And nature cheer'd the milder scene displays,
 Nor sink depress'd beneath the solar blaze ;
 The woodland choirs attune their joyous strains,
 Nor one complaining note disturb the plains :
 And thou, as umpire, mark the moral lay,
 And free reprove when from the truth I stray.

C O L L I N.

THE arduous task consummate wisdom needs,
 To shew of discontent the latent seeds ;
 To trace the sources of the restless state,
 The numerous ills that on each mortal wait ;
 Beyond the reach of thy plebeian pen,
 In schools untutor'd, as unskil'd in men,
 Who various (as their faces) paths pursue,
 Nor scarce a day to one direction true.

STREPHON.

S T R E P H O N.

UNSKIL'D I own the artless pen I hold,
Nor will my humble thoughts t' affirm be bold :
'The warm suggestions which the heart conceives,
By observations slightly weigh'd it gives ;
For reason's voice informs the active mind,
To schools alone, nor learning's store confin'd :
Whoe'er attentive mark its silent call,
Will ne'er in error unadmonish'd fall,
'That weighing justly with impartial scale,
Reports its verdict whence there's no appeal :
Yet wide its scattering glances it displays,
Its education's to collect its rays,
Which bright to view the lengthning prospect gives,
And of its doubts the mind more clear relieves ;
If therefore by mistake I miss my way,
Or from the point I regularly stray :
By reason's glimmering rays alone I steer,
Nor thou unkindly treat the lay severe.

Doom'd in a narrow sphere of life to move,
And all th' attendant ills thereon to prove ;
Small space on contemplation sweet to spare,
So strict each day demand the daily care,
Yet oft the restless mind its effort tries,
And, midst its cares, will contemplative rise,

A glance

A glance receives then flutter to its sphere,
Regal'd as with his eud the labouring steer;
The task, which duty strict demands, obey,
While native impulse urge th' untutor'd lay;
Nor vain if thence I sooth my anxious breast,
And raise my drooping heart, with care depress'd:
The passion's force observe to regulate,
Whose reignless fury nameless ills create.

For equal they I hold when first began,
Our infant race ascendant up to man,
Was gave in kindness to sustain the whole,
And agitating to awake the soul;
But one too fatal often takes the lead,
To which the rest are all subservient made,
Which soon our future life determinate,
While we implicit deem our folly fate.
Of this aware we might advantage take,
To check th' excursion while th' impulse is weak;
For if indulg'd they once ascendance boast,
They lead the victim captive to his cost;
With promis'd happiness effects the cheat,
Nor stands disclos'd the folly 'till too late.
For if we, COLLIN, take a short survey
Of those whom powerful passion leads astray,
Who've suffer'd them at will their course to steer,
Nor check'd th' excursion of their blind career;

Them

Them we shall see swift with the current float,
And drive from happiness how far remote;
Though they in seeming sweets of life abound,
Even o'er proportion'd will the gall be found.

COLLIN.

PROCEED, if ought thy mind suggest to prove,
What may the causes, with th' effects, remove.

STREPHON.

THEM then behold whom pleasures blindly lead,
Which to their ruin thousands has betray'd,
For pleasure some immediate good propose,
But plunge its vot'ries in the depth of woes:
When in the chace we virtue's barriers force,
And reason's reigns no more direct our course;
For strong indulg'd the passion leads us on,
While passive we pursue, and are undone.
Pride, pomp, and avarice, all submissive bend,
And act subservient to the favourite fiend;
While pleasure's charms fallacious magnifies,
To which we fall a willing sacrifice.
One hand conspicuous holds th' alluring draught,
And one conceal'd contains the fatal shaft;
And as our lips presumptive taste a part,
It through the liver strikes th' afflicting dart;

L

But

But grant awhile no crimes our conduct stain,
 And guiltless we the fancy'd bliss obtain;
 That to indulge most steady care demand,
 For on the isthmus point who knows to stand,
 As pleasures seen as one on flowery ground,
 Sees all but where he stands embroider'd round;
 Eager he flies, intent to grasp his fill,
 The beauteous landscape flies, and barks him still;
 Ever eludes fruition's close embrace,
 And if not wisdom check'd must ever chace,
 For disappointments ever will attend,
 Which he by passion blinded hopes to mend;
 Oft gains his wish, his wish as often cloy,
 At length conceives all in forbidden joys:
 To them he flies, as certain to succeed,
 But disappointed, there he mourns indeed,
 For if before with discontent oppress'd,
 Much more when guilty clamours rend his breast.

C O L L I N.

But sure, to man enjoyment is allow'd,
 Or useless were all earthly good bestow'd;
 Else were our appetites assign'd in vain,
 Or but to tantalize with sharpest pain.

CAN ought conceive that Heaven as good as wise,
 Us to regale, or to rejoice denies,

Plac'd

Plac'd all these creatures round us for a snare,
Alarm'd our appetites, then cries forbear;
This to our being soon would breed disgust,
And we of all creation only ours'd;
Our maker 'twere to tax of cruelty,
A crime much less his being to deny.

STREPHON.

Not so, nor hasty thou conclusions draw,
Estrang'd from reason's voice, and reason's law,
Our great creator ever good as kind;
Has for our use his creatures all design'd:
But well he knew our self-perverted will,
Would counter to his purpose bias still;
Would what he meant, our good turn to abuse;
Thence laws ordain'd to regulate their use.

See all creation else by instinct bound,
Small choice assign'd through all the plenteous round;
Chiefly the vegetable world their fare,
Nor but peculiar parts to touch will dare:
The chrystal stream they slake with highest glee,
Nor with thy vintage stores would treated be:
Upon their part assign'd alone relies,
And should the crops remis refuse supplies,
Rather than violate their law they dies.

Not

Not so to man assign'd, creation's lord,
 With various appetites is kindly stor'd,
 That he might various pleasures thence receive,
 The Lord of all him all do bounteous give;
 Nor over them but one restraint has plac'd,
 The better to secure their grateful taste,
 Promotive even of earthly happiness,
 Forbids intemperance, and denies excess:
 Yet free the will he left to fix its choice,
 But to advise implanted reason's voice,
 Whose healthful rules prescribe the noblest feast,
 And give to heavenly blessings all their taste;
 To virtuous pleasure fix the proper mound,
 And which beyond no pleasure's to be found;
 Within these bounds all may regale at will,
 But when beyond them stray'd, commence the ill!
 It's then the cup intails diseases brood,
 It's then the sickning stomach loaths its food,
 The sensual thence gains indigence and shame,
 Thence every ill derives, that bears a name;
 And he that dare thus dalliance to pursue,
 Here and hereafter must the folly rue,
 It then behoves to furl the spreading sails,
 When syren pleasures swell the rising gales,
 Least hapless we should drive beyond retreat,
 And for the temp'rate shore look out too late.

Thus

Thus every passion, if not check'd in time,
Leads on embolden'd still from crime to crime;
Alike their rage with equal fury burns,
And each indulg'd, the mind subdues by turns;
Alike fallacious each to misery tends,
And all the chase in disappointment ends,

For let our view around on riches fall,
That grand attractive blaze that dazzles all,
And thence enquire what happiness it gives,
And from what care its owner it relieves:
When men on that employ their chiefest care,
And happiness will only center there:
With what incessant toil and restless care,
That to amass rolls the laborious year:
Attain'd, the sum on which they fix'd their view,
They disappointment grasps, and toils anew;
Another sum, and all their wishes end,
It's gain'd, yet disappointments still attend:
Still at a distance lures the fairy cheat,
And though they fast pursue, as fast retreat:
More eager grown their mind by habit fold,
All appetite has lost but that for gold,
(For avarice now usurps unrival'd sway,
And pride and pleasure in their turns obey)
Which to indulge their schemes more wide extends,
And conscience truckles to subservient ends,

Oppression

Oppression whence must aid the swelling store,
 And fierce rapacious gripings wring the poor :
 In vain the wrong'd, in vain th' afflicted call,
 The sound of gold increasing, deafens all ;
 And as their bags could them immortalize,
 They scorn the vengeance of the threatening skies :
 One day in seven they hold as highest waste,
 Nor is it without large infringements past,
 The social hour, the mind t' unbend from care,
 To them's deny'd, no profit riseth there ;
 Even sleep, lest ought should from their bags be lost,
 Refus'd its sway, deserts its healthful post :
 If some detachments from their heaps are sent,
 No kindness such intends but large per cent.
 Which on demand most punctual must return,
 Or who detains it soon has cause to mourn ;
 As safe he might kiss fire, midst serpents throng,
 Or from the tygers fierce with-hold her young,
 'Till long by all with detestation view'd,
 Bethinks themselves perhaps of doing good ;
 When pains and death their dreadful message tell,
 And conscience wak'd in flames begins their hell.

SHOULD we then, COLLIN, envy such a state,
 No patient lets accept our milder fate ;
 Nor grieve though fortune does her gifts deny,
 But let content the baneful guest supply.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

YET STREPHON sure must own that wealth possess'd
From pains unnumber'd still exempts the breast,
From cutting want the safe possessor frees,
No arguments can foil such truths as these.

STREPHON.

THAT wealth I own which thankfulness receives,
Revering still the bounteous hand that gives:
When virtuous means the moderate store increaseth,
Nor are solitious cravings banish peace
Is worth acquiring, and a real good;
Its usefulness but rightly understood,
No sooth distress, to smooth the brow of care,
And lift the sinking wretch from black despair;
Oppression's blasting influence to destroy,
And make the widow's heart to sing for joy;
The fatherless most kindly to befriend,
And to the bed of sickness comfort lend:
These deeds pleas'd heaven as incense will receive,
And give that peace no power of wealth can give.

For tho' no Sire the widow's cruse sustains,
Nor manna for the poor bestrew the plains;
Yet heaven still mindful of the low distress'd,
Has to relieve their wants its stewards plac'd;

Thema

Them its almoner's bounteous has supply'd,
 By which their fealty and truth are try'd:
 And if approv'd, will in each breast record,
 Well done thou faithful servant of the lord.

To earthly honours this directs the way,
 To such will willing numbers homage pay,
 As heaven's vicegerents will their worth revere,
 And infants yet unborn their praise declare,
 Their names on earth fair fame will eternize,
 And angels hymn their welcome to the sky.

BUT honours doubtless keep their destin'd place,
 Nor hold connection with plebeian race;
 Descendant from illustrious parentage,
 In bright succession down from age to age.

HONOURS were the rewards of virtuous deeds,
 Unknown to him perhaps that now succeeds;
 What state, what trapping him can dignifie,
 Whose actions with his state for ever vie;
 Proving another's not his own he wears,
 Whose virtues tally with his worthy Sire's;
 And tho' he here it arbitrary seize,
 'Twill claim its rightful Owner in the skies.

NOR ought to envy's in the helpless great,
 Whom pains and cares alike attendant wait;

How

How oft the star that blaze by sculptur'd art,
Hides like sepulchr'd gems, a wasting heart :
Intemperance sown where roots diseases train,
The stings of anguish and the rack of pain,
In pining state they mount the gilded car,
And sighing owns no happiness is there.

ALL to the sentence primitive must yield,
Or justice will be more severe fulfill'd,
For who by sloth evades the sweaty brow,
Will find Diseases thence will bolder grow.

YET honours beaming still with lustre clear,
Lights on to happiness for virtues there :
There be of those that boast the noblest blood,
Greatly benevolent, and boldly good,
Whose high descent by worthiest actions grac'd,
Retains th' emblazon'd tablet undefac'd,
Like beaming planets station'd far above,
Their lower orbs to emulation move ;
To pure religion the bright sanction give,
And teach by practice what themselves believe.

NEAR their abode behold the grateful poor,
With smiles surround the hospitable door ;
From whence the needy ne'er unsuccor'd went,
Whence labour well repaid diffuse content ;

M

Whose

Whose conscience while refreshing alms they deal,
 In peaceful whispers tells them all is well;
 Of such Heaven (patterns for th' aspiring few)
 Gave a CARNARVON, and a MONTAGU.

C O L L I N.

BUT from the stated point thou seems to rove;
 Nor what I long expected deigns to prove:
 How we thus station'd in a lowly state;
 May be as happy as the rich and great;
 How to assuage the pains of gnawing grief,
 And from affliction's smart to gain relief.

S T R E P H O N.

THEN thus—from weighing well the state of things
 We see each station its vexation brings,
 That none in pleasure, riches, honours, find
 That happiness they seek, 'till virtue's join'd;
 But to the cottage with her 'twill retreat,
 Nor art her affluence them can separate:
 Celestial sisters, samples from above,
 Where all is virtue, happiness, and love.
 Not one alone will deign a moment's stay,
 But with the other instant wings her way:

For

For if awhile one seems to be alone,
The shadow's only there, the substance gone,
And misery soon begins to fix its throne :
With sly incroachment enters in disguise,
And for awhile forbears to give surprize ;
'Till vice ascendant captive leads the heart
And then transfixes deep the deadly dart.

}

If then on virtue happiness attend,
Of all this earthly stir the aim and end,
And if without her every glimpse is flown,
Then virtue brings us happiness alone ;
Attainable by all the goddess stands,
Knocks at each breast, and entrance loud demands ;
To thee—to me—her proffer'd service gives,
And happy those alone who her receives.

SWEET smiling peace her milk-white standard bears
Distress she succours, and forbids its tears ;
By touch celestial puts to flight despair,
And fortifies the breast to ward its care ;
Of heavenly gifts directs the rightful use,
And all the pleasure it contains produce,
Points to the end of all sublunar grief,
And gives the contrite heart a sure relief.

UNFADING honours her attendant wait,
And wide to glory she expands the gate :

The bright rewards conspicuous there displays,
With which she all her vot'ries repays :
Immortal glories virtue holds in store,
This we can have, and they can have no more,
While thus in part alone we her behold,
How to contempt sinks base pernicious gold ;
How pleasures pall whence virtue must retreat,
How mean the empty titles of the great.

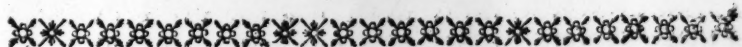
HER beauties, COLLIN, let us contemplate,
Which permanent knows no contracted date,
All here the part the drama does require,
Must act in haste, and from the stage retire,
Where scepter'd kings, and coblers from the stall,
Are equal soon as death's grand curtains fall,
When not what part, thus from the stage retir'd,
But how our part we play'd, will be inquir'd.

THEN we shall view, perhaps, with glad surprize,
These humbl'd here, to eminence arise ;
And wondering, lo ! see him with us disgrac'd,
Now midst the just transcendant glorious plac'd !

THEN patient let's our destin'd lot sustain,
Nor here expect what none can here attain ;
For all below must share affliction's load,
And to the grave explore their gloomy road ;
All there as to their common center tend,
Nor 'till arriv'd will tribulation end.

BUT

BUT see to THETIS' arms the flaming god
Has lash'd his courfers down the western road,
While twilight marking where he sunk to rest
In doubtful state, yet holds the blushing west;
And darkness now encamping on the plain,
With sable wings o'erspread the vast domain:
While chilling dews descending from on high,
Bid us for shelter to our cottage fly.



An E N I G M A.

I N Heaven (how strange) my impious date began,
Thence soon expell'd, I now reside with man;
In female bosoms too, I claim a place,
But ne'er am harbour'd by the brutal race.
Of me replete, SAUL plan'd th' inglorious strife,
And basely strove to slay, who sav'd his life;
False DELILAH too, my dictates vile approv'd,
And him to death betray'd, who tender lov'd.
In later days my power confess has been,
With me to LEWIS join'd the imperial queen,
Proudly who sav'd her empire, dare disown,
And broke her faith with GEORGE who fixt her crown.
O'er Britain's ample realms too oft I'm found,
Distress I cause, and spread detraction round;
Yet 'scape the laws, and public censure scorn,
And evil still for good, self-pleas'd return.

EPITAPHS.



E P I T A P H S.

On a Man, his Wife and Children, buried in TWERTON Church-Yard.

IMPERIOUS death, though hears'd in dust,
Thy victims here we lie ;
Our hope's to rise amongst the just,
When thou thy-self shalt die.

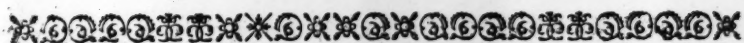
On a Young Man, who died just as his Nuptials were concluded, buried in ditto.

WHOE'ER thou art, to this said shrine draw near,
And for thy final end hence warn'd prepare,
Behold me fall'n, tho' youth each nerve had brac'd,
Despoil'd like some fair flower ere morning's past ;
Just dawn'd my bliss, when death refus'd my stay,
And chang'd my bridal bed, for this of clay.

On a Woman buried in TWERTON Church.

LOVE, virtue, justice, mild domestic care,
Her friendly breast enshrin'd, who slumbers here.

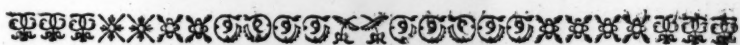
EPITAPH



E P I T A P H

*On a Woman buried in BATH-EASTON Church-Yard,
who died soon after Marriage.*

HER mandate sign'd, death view'd this spotless
flower,
And beg'd of time yet to protract her hour;
As loath so soon the youthful pair to part,
He with reluctance drew the fatal dart:
Though deem'd rapacious now unactive sat,
And pensive own'd 'twas list'd with regret;
But strickt by time obdurate bid arise,
He struck emotion'd, pointing to the skies.



The CONCLUSION of an EPISTLE,

Addressed to the Author, in the late War.

" While raging war infest the main,
" While mangl'd limbs bestrew the plain,
 " Let us the ravage fly;
" To peaceful scenes let us remove,
" The sweets of contemplation prove,
 " And living, learn to die."

The



The *A* *N* *S* *W* *E* *R.*

SEQUESTER'D from the thoughtless crowd,
 And the misjudging haughty proud,
 Thy friend has lov'd to dwell;
 Unanxious of affairs of state,
 Untouch'd with cares that wait the great,
 Yet griev'd when hero's fall.

CAN Britain's sons promiscuous die,
 To guard our land and liberty,
 And I no sigh bestow:
 Sure adamant must be the breast,
 That unsolicious safely rest,
 Nor feel the soldier's woe.

WOULD pride subside in mortals breast,
 The jarring world in peace might rest,
 And all unite in love:
 Saturnian days we then might see,
 Where discord reigns, sweet harmony,
 And joys celestial prove.

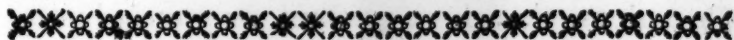
VAIN wish; the fiend that lights the flame,
 Not easy foil'd, pursues his aim,
 And dire confusion spread;

Scarce

Scarcely virtue's self the shock sustains,
But mildly of her wrongs complains,
Or cautious lifts her head.

PEACE, peace, sweet smiling peace, I love
To range along the flowery grove,
And hear the warblers sing;
Yet PITT, and HAWKE, and BOSCAWEN, love,
And all those hero's fame approve,
And revere GEORGE our king.

And should my lot militia prove,
To shield from danger those I love,
I'd snatch the sword in hand;
From peaceful shades relentless fly
T' oppose th' invading enemy,
And guard my native land,



An E N I G M A.

WITH enigmatic veil though now equipt,
Like Indian tribes I am for labour stript;
Like them am most employ'd in open air,
Though chief assign'd the softer sex's care.

WHEN rattling Boreas strip the leafy grove,
Nor longer sylvan scenes invite to love,
N I disappear,

I disappear, and shun inclement skies,
And while stern winter reigns unactive lies,
Nor joyful spring to action me regain,
Nor stir I forth 'till summer spreads the plain;
Then I, with many more from durance freed,
Come forth, and (husband) seek the flowery mead;
And though no terror in our form we wear,
The gay creation fades when we appear;
Yet such our state, though plenty here abound,
We snatch but what our husbands scatter round;
And even in this we share the miser's fate,
Nor ever taste what we accumulate;
No wonder then when thus our state is known,
Our poverty is to a proverb grown;
Yet from our labour do great wealth accrue,
Through us the landskip gives a brighter view:
Through us, though we ourselves are wretched poor,
Our frugal master largely swells his store.
Yet after all we must unthank'd return,
Oft broke our heads, and quite impair'd our form;
Like troops discomfited the field we leave,
And find, like Indian kings, a flaming grave.

WE'VE name-fakes too—but, ah! ye fair beware,
Left to their crafty wiles you fall a snare;
Tools of destruction, shun the revelling crew,
Who spread their latent traps, and all for you.

The



The SONG of

Deborah and Barak, Judges 5th,

PARAPHRASED.

THEN Deborah sang, alternate was her lays,
As Barak too vouchsaf'd the Lord his praise,
What time discomfiting fierce Jabin's band,
He slew their princes, and redeem'd the land.

PRaise ye the Lord for aid, when that our chief
Offer'd themselves, despairing of relief;
To Sisera's yoke vexatious bending low,
Bore the fierce lashes of th' insulting foe.

HEAR, O, ye kings! ye princes all give ear,
While I the acts of Jacob's god declare;
For I, even I, in songs his praise record,
The power the might proclaim of Israel's Lord.

LoRD, when from Sier thou went'st with mighty hand
And march'st o'er the fields of Edom's land,

The

The trembling earth portentous horror spread,
The heavens, dissolv'd in tears, their fright betray'd ;
Even Sinai melting sunk its towering head,
And hasty from th' omniscient presence fled,
Dreadful his face, terrific deeds portend,
While troubl'd nature indicates its end,
For lo, the mighty Lord was drawing nigh,
And Jacob's God himself was passing by.

IN Shamgar's days what desolation reign'd,
When the high-road the traveller refrain'd ;
Through private paths his fearful journey took,
And rural sports the joyless plains forsook ;
The friendly visit ceas'd, so great their fear,
And Israel's villages unpeopl'd were ;
They chose new Gods ; then war was near at hand,
'Till Deborah rose a mother in the land.

MIDST forty thousand warriors oft renown'd,
Nor spear nor shield defensive could be found ;
Disarm'd, dejected fled their hostile foes,
'Till Barak, general of their troops, arose,
Plac'd in each new-brac'd arm th' avenging sword,
And fought the prosperous battles of the Lord ;
Speak now, and bless the Lord, all ye that ride
On asses white, and justice makes your guide ;
Record his acts amidst your learning's store,
Own Jacob's God is king, and fear no more.

THE shepherds now shall with their fleecy care,
Undaunted to refreshing springs repair,
Shall fearless to the gates their offerings bring,
And hymn the praises of th' eternal king;
Glad fertilize the glebe with pleasing toil,
And from war's ravage freed the valleys smile;
The archers shafts no more the swains shall dread,
The archers fall'n, and number'd with the dead.

DEBORAH awake, attune thy voice and sing,
Barak thy captives to the city bring;
The host victorious shall dominion have
O'er captive nobles, thus reward the brave,
For now the princes to me homage pay,
And all the mighty own my powerful sway,

FROM Ephraim's land did any force appear,
Or join'd with Benjamin, though ally'd near,
Or march'd from Tabor with the valiant host,
To drive Amalek from the Kishon coast;
From Machir governors in person came,
And midst the foremost sought immortal fame;
The tribe of Zebulun in bright array,
With those that could record the glorious day,
With Issachar's great princes fought the foe,
And join'd to Deborah, gave the overthrow;
But Rubin, heedless of the great design,
Still kept his flocks, nor did his brethren join.

O why

O why so slothful at the trumpet's sound,
 And all to arms did Tabor's mount resound;
 Listning to bleating lambs why didst thou stand,
 When Hazor's chariots were so nigh at hand?
 When Barak in the valleys did appear,
 What his surprize to find no Rubin's there;
 His voice confus'd disclos'd his inward pain,
 And Rubin's eccho'd name resounds in vain:
 Gilead abode beyond great Jordan's flood,
 And Dan and Asher both unactive stood;
 But Zebulun and Naphtali arose,
 Nor spar'd their lives to quell their vaunting foes.

THEN fought the canaan kings in Taanach field,
 And forc'd near Megiddo's soft streams to yield;
 The stars with fiercer ardor seem'd to glow,
 And join'd their influence to the overthrow;
 Their mangl'd bodies thick as autumn lay,
 And rose 'gainst Kishon's rapid streams a bay,
 'Till swoln with rage it swept them swift away. }

O PRAISE the Lord, my soul, who from his seat
 Look'd down, and threw my foes beneath my feet;
 Th' embattl'd squadrons trusting ne'er to yield,
 Lie prostrate trodden on th' incumber'd field:
 How did the prancers tear the turfy plain,
 The riders force and curbing bit disdain;

With

With nostrils breathing flame they laugh'd at fear,
And tore their hoofs to meet the threatening spear.

O CURSE, ye Meroz, saith th' avenging Lord,
Who in his cause ne'er drew their idle sword;
When Taanach groan'd with Jabin's numerous band,
Ne'er join'd to drive them from th' affrighted land.

O J AEL, ever bless'd, shall be thy name,
None in the tent shall equal thee in fame;
When our invading foe for shelter sought,
Thou him for water, milk, and butter, brought.
Nor can thy name enough exalted be,
Who bold essay'd to set thy country free;
Or for thy thought sufficient praises find,
When to the hammer thy right hand was join'd;
The piercing nail she through his temples bore,
And soon the haughty Sisera was no more;
Down at her feet he bow'd his scepter'd head,
And where he bow'd he fell, and laid him dead.

HIS anxious mother from her chamber views
The distant hills, impatient of the news;
Surpriz'd no chariot shap'd its course that way,
To bring the tidings of the glorious day;
Long expectation had her voice restrain'd,
But loudly now she through the lattice plain'd:

WHERE

WHERE stops his chariot? what his wheels delay?
 That should with rapid speed here made their way,
 Her women round officious answers make,
 Her self returns regardless when they speak:
 Have they not sped? is not the plunder shar'd,
 And to his merit each receiv'd reward?
 A lovely maid or two of Israel's land
 Gave to each soldier of the conquering band;
 And Sisera's self in gorgeous robes array'd
 Of curious work by captive maids display'd;
 Both sides with needle-work refulgent glow
 In all the colours of the showery bow,
 The conqueror's neck meet only to adorn,
 Such as by warlike chiefs triumphant worn.

BUT let all such, my God, who thee despise,
 And 'gainst thy chosen people proud arise,
 Like Sisera fall; like his their host destroy'd;
 But let thy people flourish unannoy'd,
 Bright as the sun in its meridian power,
 Spread far their beams, and thee their God adore.





On the Commencement of the late

SPANISH WAR.

BY union strong see Albion's sons prepare,
And fir'd with native prowess meet the war,
Whose dying rage rekindles impious Spain,
Jealous of conquering Britain's wide domain.

THE vanquish'd Gauls their shatter'd canvas spread,
And sheltering to th' embattl'd fortress fled,
Convinc'd to cope with freedom's sons were vain,
And left them lords of all the watery plain,
Hell-nourish'd war unbrac'd her sanguine robe,
And with stern discord plum'd to fly the globe;
Bless'd peace essay'd to give the world repose,
And Janus' war-spread gates prepar'd to close,

THE trident monarch fought his pearly court,
To coral groves the green-hair'd nymphs resort,
In wavy sports the blue-ey'd tritons meet,
Thence scar'd no more by thunders from the fleet;

O

The

The dolphin'd heralds posting from afar;
 Confirm the tidings of the finish'd war;
 How here dread HAWKE, there terrible BOSCAWEN;
 Rode undisputed lords, and shar'd the main:
 Far fled their foes; their deep-mouth'd thunders sleep,
 Erst bellowing dreadful through th' affrighted deep,
 That dauntless now they Neptune's fury brave,
 And rode triumphant o'er each boiling wave.

THE stormy power gave the loud command,
 The winds around in dreadful order stand,
 Prepar'd in haste as he directs to fly,
 And lift the ocean's bosom to the sky;
 Left Neptune's courts th' intrepid mortals dare,
 And through his empire kindle hostile war:
 But soon his furious purpose was no more,
 When known they British GEORGE's thunder bore;
 My sole vicegerent o'er the briney main,
 Is GEORGE, the God replied, support his reign.

THE anxious parents banishing their care,
 To welcome their young soldier 'gan prepare,
 Sweetly enjoys in thought his perilous tale,
 While he in fancy wrapt with them regale.

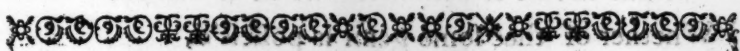
FAIR Chloe too, who'd long her Strephon mourn'd,
 And for his fake lucrative proffers scorn'd,

Saw

Saw him returning safe from dread alarms,
And in idea clasp him in her arms;
When lo th' imperious haughty dons declare,
Throws off the mask, and stern denounces war,
Returns the swift-pac'd Gauls scarce sav'd by flight,
And urg'd them back reluctant to the fight.

AGAIN our youths grasp the chastising sword,
And, stung with martial ardor, crowd on board;
Again awake, their thunders vex the main,
Seeking destructive arm'd the ports of Spain;
Again alarms the plunder'd gallic shore,
Fearless of Bourbon's fierce united power:
Such thunders Heaven intrusts with GEORGE alone,
Whom justice, mercy, blended, patron own,
Whom conquer'd lands with one consent obey,
Hail freedom's lord, and own his milder sway.

SWEET hovering peace regains her airy height,
Scar'd at the new-brac'd drum and warlike fife,
Belona's clangors range the guardian band,
And with war's dreadful din resounds the land.



Answers to the ENIGMA's.

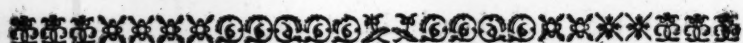
Page 58, a WOODEN PORRIDGE LADLE.

62, a PATH-WAY.

85, INGRATITUDE.

89, a RAKE.

On



On SEEING
A CANARY BIRD's Performance,

At the George-Inn in BATH.

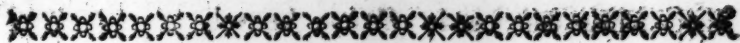
SURPASSING thought! with thee what can com-
pare?

Thou warbling guest! sweet denizon of air!
But more than song thy tribe could ne'er pretend,
Concluded that, and all endearments end:
Then say what soul thy nested mass inform'd,
That deeds thus staggering faith's by thee perform'd;
Requir'd's ~~my~~ name, that thou unpuzzl'd spells,
Who wondering fees thou to their number tells;
Shews me what ray reflected meets the eye,
And how far Sol has progress'd through the sky;
In numbers, history, both so wondrous skill'd,
As faith can ne'er convince who ne'er beheld,
Whether of thee some genii is possess'd,
Or art some sylph incog with feathers dress'd;
Or to unwearied fostering owes thy store:
Thy equal ne'er could boast the British shore;
And though thou look but bird, art surely more!

}



STREPHON



STREPHON and CELIA;

OR, THE BLOOMING MILK-MAID.

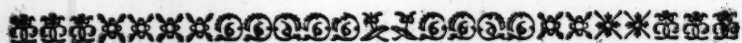
AURORA, with her early speed,
Had wak'd the roseat morn,
When STREPHON sought the daisy'd mead,
Ere yet the day was born.

WHEN to the lawn adjoining hear,
Gave to his ravish'd view,
Brightning the vale his CELIA dear
Crossing the pearly dew,

IN native innocence array'd,
Chaste as the new-blown flower,
Else unattended came the maid,
Nor fear'd the early hour.

SERENE to seek her dairy care,
She come in charms compleat;
No wood-nymph e'er appear'd so fair,
No rose e'er breath'd so sweet.

PEAR

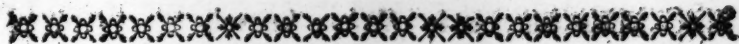


ON SEEING
A CANARY BIRD'S Performance,
At the George-Inn in BATH.

SURPASSING thought! with thee what can com-
pare?
Thou warbling guest! sweet denizon of air!
But more than song thy tribe could ne'er pretend,
Concluded that, and all endearments end:
Then say what soul thy nested mass inform'd,
That deeds thus staggering faith's by thee perform'd;
Requir'd's my name, that thou unpuzzl'd'stells,
Who wondering sees thou to their number tells;
Shews me what ray reflected meets the eye,
And how far Sol has progress'd through the sky;
In numbers, history, both so wondrous skill'd,
As faith can ne'er convince who ne'er beheld,
Whether of thee some genii is possess'd,
Or art some sylph incog with feathers dress'd;
Or to unwearied fostering owes thy store:
Thy equal ne'er could boast the British shore;
And though thou look but bird, art surely more!



STREPHON



STREPHON and CELIA:

OR, THE

BLOOMING MILK-MAID.

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Had wak'd the roseat morn,
When STREPHON sought the daisy'd mead,
Ere yet the day was born.

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Gave to his ravish'd view,
Brightning the vale his CELIA dear
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FEAR

102 *Poems on various Occasions.*

FEAR to surprize the early fair,
His tongue in silence bound,
While lively, blithe, all debonair,
She brush'd the dewy ground.

HE saw the cows obsequious stand,
Proud which should first prevail,
To prove her lilly, gentle hand,
And glut the smoaking pail.

SOFT by her active fingers prest,
The milky fountains flow,
While throbbing beat her rising breast,
Whose whiteness sham'd the snow.

THEN soft as zephyr's woes the flowers,
Or sighs along the grove;
Soft as the dews descending showers,
Good morning to my love:—

SHE, with a smile that quell'd his fear,
(While conscious blushes glow'd)
Cry'd STREPHON, How—how came you here?
And equal flame avow'd.

INRAPTUR'D to her arms he flew,
Nor CELIA now unkind,
But to her swain, whose love she knew,
Her balmy lips resign'd.

Not

Not Eden's pair (while virtue reign'd)
Felt more sublimer joy;
No longer fear his tongue confin'd,
CELIA no more was coy.

LET sensuals boast their transient bliss,
By virtue disapprov'd,
He cry'd, for what can equal this,
To love, and be belov'd?

BUT yet th' involuntary sigh
Stole from his labouring breast,
When CELIA thus, with soft reply,
Its rising force suppress'd:

THESE, STREPHON, from thy breast remove,
Nor own untimely fear;
If, as you say, you CELIA love,
Is not your CELIA here?

I to thy wish my heart resign,
My faithful virgin heart,
Then in return be constant mine,
Henceforth we'll never part.

THE bliss, my CELIA's fure too great,
To last without alloy;
It's this alarming doubts create,
And damps my rising joy.

But

104 *Poems on various Occasions.*

BUT, charm'd to peace, his bosom now
The boding sigh forbore,
When both exchange'd the mutual vow,
And thus alternate swore :

WHEN I forget my CELIA's love,
And seek another fair,
You circling orbs shall cease to move,
Or quit their lofty sphere;

THE swans shall leave sweet Avon's streams;
The turtle slight her dove,
The moon no more court Phœbus beams,
When I forget my love.

HE bore her pail with kisses sweet,
Delighted both return;
She joy'd the STREPHON chanc'd to meet,
He bless'd the happy morn.

F I N I S.

